

## **Funny, Isn't It? by roundest\_boi**

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**Summary:**

Steve really likes to babysit, it appears.

## Funny, Isn't It?

### Author's Note:

I wish I could stop myself from doing fluff oneshots, but my ship won't let me T-T

So, it is my first attempt after a looooooong time without posting anything at all. Please be nice?

Stranger Things is not mine, because if it was... y'all would notice. Anyway, forgive any grammar mistakes because English is HARD, MAN. AND COMMENT, MAYBE GIVE A KUDO EVEN!!!

- "It's *funny*, you know?"

No. Jonathan doesn't know. And by the tone on Steve's voice, he might not want to either.

It was quiet here, in an afternoon by Steve's exaggeration of a house, and there was Jonathan Byers dealing with an intoxicated Steve Harrington.

There was the inevitable question on his mind: *'How did I get in this situation to begin with?'*. Well, he wish he didn't get a clue on this one but the world doesn't get a break for Jonathan since he was born, why bother now.

While Jonathan finds familiarity in the silence, Steve does not. He hated it with a passion, and Jonathan could only guess why.

*He must remember things that he clearly wants to forget.*

The fact is, Steve doesn't talk about why he hates it but he almost certainly screams to the world how much it bothers him to no end. And when Jonathan asked what he had to do with it, annoyed that he mentioned it for the twentieth time this fucking week, Steve just looked at him with big, hopeful brown eyes and hair slightly messy from playing with it in some kind of nervous tick that he now managed to desenvolve and pleaded for his company.

In all honesty, he only acted like he had to consider because: a) he didn't have nothing to do in the first place because his mother was working and Will was at Mike's, b) it was his day off work and c) he couldn't say a no to Steve when it appears to be so harmless. But the little shit didn't need to know that.

So, he went to Steve's house to spend time with his lonely friend and at first it was pleasant. Good music, provided by Jonathan, in the background with some small talk and even silent pauses that appeared to not bother Steve (Jonathan checked). At least it was what he thought, until Steve started to try drowning himself on alcohol and Jonathan lost control of the situation completely.

Right now, he was sitting on the living room's couch watching Steve on the floor with his eyes scanning the room to see if there's any potential danger to this dumbass. He only heard stories about how reckless the other was when drunk, but he didn't want to risk anything.

- "You're always worrying about your mom, because she's still forgetting that she's just a human being and not a super mom sometimes." - Steve continues, and Jonathan blinks slowly and frowns at the topic of conversation that drunk Steve chose. He tensed somewhat, but not because Steve was talking about his mom. Everyone talking about his mom got him tensed, like a reflex. Years of hearing people talk shit about her might have had some effect in him.

- "But, you're the freaking same!" - Steve exclaimed. He paused then, stopped his sharp stare to the wall painting and sighed really hard for someone that wasn't making sense. - "You forget to eat sometimes, between school and your works and comes tired and hungry to classes. And don't even try to bullshit me, you even show up with your shirt's inside out."

Jonathan wisely chose to not make a comment.

- "Really, it pains me that you're that much hypocrite. In fact, it pains me that you even do this shit because I-" - Steve cuts the sentence abruptly, and Jonathan doesn't know if it's bad or no. He moves his dark bangs away from his eyes and can't stop himself from agreeing

silently with Steve's monologue. It's just... he can't help it.

Steve notices it now, but he's been neglecting himself for a long time. He tells it to the other, whispering with nothing but conformity coloring his voice. Steve goes awkwardly silent again, looking at him with this little frown that makes Jonathan's lips quirk. Steve's way of showing his feelings on his face so easily when he feel safe was a painfully obvious contrast between them and Jonathan have slowly grown fond of it.

- "I'll babysit you then. I'm kinda great at it, don't worry." - And he doesn't smirk to Jonathan because, he realizes, it's not a joke. He'll do it, he can see determination on those eyes and he doesn't know what to do with it. And he can't let it get his hopes high, but Steve's heart-warming smile is making his own lips follow as good as they can and everything feels more meaningful than a drunk talk should be.

Maybe it was indeed kinda funny, and maybe Jonathan liked that kind of fun.